

SHERMAN'S JOURNAL

MILITARY GAZETTE

A Weekly Chronicle of the Fire Department, Military, Masonic, Turf, Field Sports, Regattas, Hunting, Angling, Theatrical, and General News of California.

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CHARLES M. CHASE, Proprietor.

OUR TASK—TO ENLIGHTEN.

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On Mount Shasta, Seen from a Distance.

BY YELLOW BIRD.

Beyond the dread Mount Shasta, where it stands Imperial midst the lesser heights, and like Some mighty, unimpassioned mind, companionless And cold. The storm of Heaven may beat in wrath Against it; but it stands in unpolished Grandeur still, and from the rolling mists up-heaves Its tower of pride ere purer than before. The wintry showers and white winged tempests leave Their frozen tributaries on its brow, and it Doth make of them an everlasting crown. Thus doth it day by day, and age by age, Defy each stroke of time—still rising higher Into Heaven!

Aspiring to the Eagle's cloudless height, No human foot has stained its snowy side, Nor human breath has dimmed the icy mirror Which it holds into the moon, stars, and sovereign Sun. We may not grow familiar with the secrets Of its hoary top, whereon the Genius Of that mountain builds his glorious throne! Far-lifted in the boundless blue, he doth Envelope, with his gaze supreme, the broad Domains of the West, that lie beneath His feet, in pictures of sublime repose No artist ever drew. He sees the tall, Gigantic hills arise in silent grandeur, And Peace, and in the long review of distance Range themselves in order grand. He sees the sunlight Play upon the golden streams that through the valleys Glide. He hears the music of the great and solemn Sea, and over-looks the huge old western wall, To view the birth-place of undying Melody!

To view all light, save when some loftiest cloud Doth for a while embrace its cold forbidding Form—that monarch-mountain casts its mighty Shadow down upon the crevices peaks below, That, like inferior minds to some great Spirit, stand in strong contrasted littleness! All through the long and sunny months of our Most tranquil year, it points its icy shafts On high, to catch the dazzling beams that fall In showers of splendor round that crystal cone, And roll, in floods of far magnificence, Away from that lone vast Reflector in The dome of Heaven.

Still watchful of the fertile Vale, undulating plains below, The flowers, strong purifier! From its snowy Side the breezes cool are wafted to the peaceful Homes of men, who shelter at its feet, and love To gaze upon its honored form, awe standing, Gaze upon that hoary peak. The herdsman Oft will rein his charger in the plain, and drink Into his inmost soul the calm sublimity; And little children, playing on the green, shall Cauce their sport, as turning to that mountain Old, shall of their mother ask, "who made it?" And she shall answer "God!"

And well this Golden State shall thrive, if like Its own Mount Shasta, sovereign high shall lift Itself in purer atmosphere—so high That human feeling, human passion, at its base Shall lie subdued; so high that its rays shall be Its summit freeze; so warm it, 'ere the sunlight Of deep sympathy shall fall— Its pure administration shall be like The snow, immaculate upon that mountain's brow!

MONDAY NIGHT.—The Mountain Democrat of the 10th says: All honor to the flames—tor to them, almost exclusively belong the praise of keeping in remembrance the national holiday. It is extremely doubtful whether but for them a flag would have waved above our city on that memorable occasion. They were not unkindly, however, of the glorious day, and not only celebrated it in a becoming manner during the daytime, but at night made it a season of social enjoyment, by one of the most delightful balls ever witnessed in the mountains. The Theatre had been tastefully and elegantly arranged and decorated for the party. All that could be done by the ingenuity of man and taste and skill of women, to make the place tidy and comfortable was done, and when "the light shone o'er fair women and brave men" the living tableau was one of brilliancy and loveliness not easily to be forgotten. There were over one hundred couples in the party, all of whom enjoyed themselves finely.

HUNTING.—A hunter, who circulates in Yolo county, started about 7 o'clock on Monday morning in quest of game, shot twenty-five blue-wing teal, and brought them to Sacramento about 12 o'clock. The teal are worth fifty cents per pair, affording him a liberal remuneration for half-a-day's work.

"What would you be dearest?" said Walter to his sweetheart, "if I were to press the seal of love upon those sealing-wax lips?" "I should be stationary."

Moving for a new trial; courting a second wife.

All's well that ends well.

MY LAST BALL.

I always hated balls. I may as well say at once that I am not pretty—not even good looking. I am small, with small eyes, and neither a good figure, nor an attractive face. There, it is said.

Men don't ask me to dance as often as I would like. I have often sat for an hour talking to old Mrs. Grimshaw about her daughters, who never miss a dance, or thinking how much I would like to be in my own room reading my favorite books, or playing with little Rosa down stairs in the drawing room. When first I went out, I suffered more agony of mind than I can describe from the humiliation of being neglected, and especially from the cutting compassion of my girl friends; but I have got over that now, and balls only bore me.

Why do I go out? Good reader, if you had a mamma and a papa, and brothers and sisters, who refused utterly to believe you when you protested your dislike of society; if it were once or twice hinted to you that your wilfulness in staying at home was prejudicing your prospects of a "good settlement in life," you too would gulp down your squeamishness, and throw your self under the wheels of the fashionable Juggernaut. (I know this is an absurd and hackneyed expression, but let it pass.)

I will not pretend that I did not know—when I promised mamma to go to Mrs. Schellinger's ball on Tuesday—that John Hunt was to be there. I knew it perfectly, for he had told me so. I did not go to meet him, however, for he came to the house every other day to see me, and our quiet talks suited me far better than any ball-room conversation possibly could. Still I went, and I confess that I looked for him.

What suggested to me to examine his face more closely than usual I cannot tell; but I did not scrutinize him, and I fancied—yes, I felt certain—that I saw a smile of triumph there. "Is the fair recluse really here?" he asked, in a tone which certainly seemed to me to border upon a sneer.

"In the flesh, at all events," I answered flippantly. "For the spirit I cannot say as much." "If the former will honor me with her hand for the next polka, we will try to conjure the latter."

All through the dance I fancied him saying to himself, "How self-sacrificing I am in dancing with this plain little creature, when I might have the belles of the room." Glances from lovely eyes which I interpreted on their way to his, seemed to reflect the same thought. He was very agreeable, certainly; but then his agreeableness had an affinity about it which almost enraged me.

At the close of the day we walked through the rooms, and found ourselves sitting at last in a library window. I insisted in vain on his going to dance. He made the usual civil reply, but I could see in his face that he was dying for some one to take me off his hands. There was a cutting sarcasm—at least, I fancied so—in every word he uttered. My feelings at length became so ungovernable that I was almost ready to cry.

If there was a man I despised it was Fitz-John Q.—He was, or is, a type of the under-bred, coarse, cunning, fashionable "swell." Still I knew him very well; and seeing him pass that way I called him, and pretending that I had something to say to him, asked him to take me off. I felt a mountain-load off my heart when I was alone with him. It was a real pleasure to see his agony at my clinging to his arm. He had engagements, no doubt, which I prevented his fulfilling; but he was so coarse and vulgar that it was delightful to torture him.

John Hunt was in the middle of a story about an adventure of his in the Alps when I left him. He had got as far as where, in pursuit of a chamois, his guide told him that "four feet further on that ledge and he would be a dead man." Had it not been for my thoughtless consciousness that he was only telling the story in order to increase my obligations to him, I should have been greatly interested.

Half an hour, at least, after the interruption of the story by my departure, I passed the library window. He was there still! Sitting on the same seat, looking out through the half-opened window into the darkness, with a very sombre and gloomy look. He was so handsome—so intellectual.

"Wouldn't you like to sit down?" said my cavalier, Fitz-John, in his increasing desire to get free.

"Not for the world!" said I; and I began to interest the little creature by telling him fanciful stories of the impression he was making on the ladies of our set, till he really enjoyed my society. I began to be perfectly happy, and to enjoy the ball thoroughly. When I caught, at our next turn, John Hunt's eye severely fixed on our two laughing faces, I was almost cured of my aversion for society.

I liked it still better when, a few minutes afterwards, I noticed John Hunt dancing the Lancers with one of the prettiest girls in the room. She looked so happy—well she might be! He was enjoying himself at last.

Little Fitz-John finally got his liberty, and ran to the refreshment-saloon to recover his spirits. I then fell to the care of Judge—of the Common Pleas, who, with his gray hairs, makes it a point of duty to "do the civil" to some one lady at every ball. I sat down where I could see the dancing, and while the judge was

explaining to me the merits of some promise-of-marriage case, I watched John Hunt dance with three or four ladies, after which he returned to his first partner—the very pretty girl I have mentioned—and, after a dance, walked through the rooms with her on his arm. It suddenly flashed upon me that I had heard, long before, that she was rather disposed to like him. There certainly was something very marked in her way of listening and talking to him. She was so pretty, too.

When they disappeared, I made the judge take me through the rooms; and there, in the identical library window, were John Hunt and his partner, my friend Emma B., in close conversation. I began to be very angry.

The judge left me to go home at an early hour. I could see nothing of John Hunt. I knew that he was still at the same window with his companion, Mortimer Craddock sat down beside me. I ought to have said before that he was an old friend—a very sensible man of thirty-five, with an ample fortune, and unmarried—a well-known catch, in short. He had, at one time, been supposed by my family to have a partiality for me; but I had always regarded that as a delusion.

This evening he began to converse very earnestly on serious matters. He talked about my family, and my affection for them; about himself, and his weariness of the life he led; and so on. I answered mechanically. Neither John Hunt nor his companion had re-appeared in the ball-room.

I asked Mr. Craddock to take me through the library, as I found the air of the ball-room rather close. There, in the same corner, were John Hunt and Emma. She actually had her hand in his, and I saw him draw down the curtain, to hide them as we passed.

It was very quick and sharp, that knife-thrust through my heart; but it was soon over.

We went to supper. By the time we returned (John Hunt and his friend were standing outside the door of the supper-room, and gazed very earnestly at us as we passed), I was in tolerable spirits.

"Miss Blanchette," said Mortimer Craddock, when we took our seats on a sofa in a deserted room up stairs, "this is perhaps neither the place nor the time to make the avowal which is on my lips. But I have waited a long time, and as I do not expect an answer now, it matters little when or where you hear it. I love you. I wish to make you my wife. I would try to make you happy. I think I could. Will you marry me?"

Without a moment's hesitation, I answered "Yes."

"Miss Blanchette," pursued Mortimer, slowly and gravely as before, "I am not a young man. I have very little romance in my character. Permit me to ask you to withdraw that answer of yours. I should feel happier if it had been preceded by more reflection."

"This is trifling with my feelings!" "On the contrary, I do not wish you to hazard your happiness without ample consideration. This day month I will ask you for an answer."

So saying he left me. I was a little bewildered. I had never had an offer before. Mortimer Craddock I had never thought of in the light of a lover. Now, it seems, I was engaged.

I was trying to make out whether the chandelier which overhung the room had been raised or lowered to its present position, when I was startled by "Blanche, darling!" in my ear.

It was John Hunt's companion—the pretty girl—my friend Emma.

She had come, of course, to confide in me her triumph, and to enjoy the little feminine satisfaction of sympathizing with me—for she knew how regular a caller John Hunt was at our house. I put on my liveliest and kindest manner.

"Well, dearest Emma, how have you enjoyed the ball?"

"Very much, indeed; and you?"

"Excessively."

"Has Mr. Craddock been amusing?"

Strange to say, during the words of our conversation, the startling avowal he had made had passed away from my mind; at the mention of his name it rushed upon me, and I blushed scarlet.

"Why," said she, laughing, "one would suppose there was something between you! Now, Blanche, dear, don't look so cross. I have made all sorts of promises not to tell it; but I couldn't keep it if my life hung upon the balance."

I knew the secret very well. She was going to say she was engaged to John Hunt. So I answered, with as much of a smile as I could muster, and holding my breath—

"I am ready to hear it."

"You know John Hunt?" I nodded, and a sickening sensation came over me. "Well—well—he is going to propose to you to-morrow."

"Say that again," I gasped, in a cruel agony, and doubting whether I had heard her correctly. She repeated the same words.

"Too late, too late!" I sobbed, and felt as though my heart would break.

I hinted, I believe. At all events, the next recollection I have is of being surrounded with kind people near an open window, and of seeing—of all others—John Hunt's face, very anxious and very pale, on the outskirts of the little throng which crowded around me. I shut my eyes. I could not look at him. I went home directly, wishing that I was dead.

When I awoke next morning the following note was handed me:

"Mr. Mortimer Craddock presents his compliments to Miss Blanchette—, and begs to say that, circumstances obliging him to leave the country for a period of years, he is under the necessity of withdrawing the inquiry which he made last evening. He hopes he may be permitted to tender his best wishes for Miss Blanchette's happiness in life."

That day, as Emma had said, John Hunt called, proposed, and was accepted. I have only just learned that Mr. Craddock, who had remained in the ball-room, had overheard the conversation between Emma and me. I suppose there was no mistaking the tone in which I cried "Too late!"—Exchange.

TALE OF A MERMAID.

An incident was related the other day by an old sea captain, who swore to its authenticity in the most vehement manner. He was speaking of the famine which occurred some years ago in the Azores, and other neighboring islands, and in Madeira also, and of the straits to which the inhabitants were reduced for the want of food.

"You see," said he, "I was laying off Funchal with a cargo of hardware—vices, shears, cultivators and such like. I sailed the brig Skylark from New York. Well, our provisions gin out, and I calculated to lay in a supply at Funchal, but there wasn't none there."

"What!" said we, "none?"

"No, none. The cattle had all died, consequently there wasn't no beef; sheep had all died, and there wasn't no mutton; hogs all got the measles, so there wasn't no pork; chickens all eaten up by foxes, so there wasn't no nice fowls."

"That's rather a dismal picture," was our reply; "how did the people procure food?"

"Food! well, they kind of lived on yams and roots; stole mules—the only thing that didn't die—and eat them."

"How about fish—couldn't they take fish as usual?"

"Nary fish; the fish all went out of them air latitudes. There wasn't even sharks left, let alone anything worth catching."

"Why, that was strange."

"Yes; the only thing left in the harbor was the mermaids, and they were high upon starvation, too."

"The what?" we asked in surprise.

"The mermaids! Can't you hear?" yelled the captain, angry at even a hint of skepticism.

"What! do you believe there are such creatures as mermaids?"

"Do I believe it? No, I don't believe it; I know it! I reckon, stranger, I've seen a dozen of them at a time, tumbling in the surf like a lot of monkeys among the rigging!"

"Indeed! and what do they feed upon?"

"Well, I reckon, principally fish. I've seen them catch herring, stranger, and eat them up raw, as fast as a Dutch baby can eat pickles."

"But how did they get along at the time you speak of?" we inquired, endeavoring to assume an appearance of credulity. "You said the fish had entirely disappeared."

"I did, and the poor mermaids suffered badly. Why, one night, as I was coming down from the town to the quay where the brig's boat was tied up, I saw a fire burning on the beach. I reckoned first it was a lot of drunken sailors making punch. Well, I bore up towards it, and what I saw it was?"

"Of course we gave it up."

"Well, I'll tell you, and then you can see the state of starvation folks was in. Stranger, and here the captain pulled a solemn face, "it was a mermaid setting up a fire, cooking her own tail for supper."

HONESTY.—A piece merchant of Constantinople, carrying a piece of fine cloth to a tailor, desired to have a cloak and tunic made of it, and inquired if there was enough. The artist having measured the stuff, declared it sufficient, and then requested to know the cost of it.

"Fire sequins," replied the customer, "was the price; and, considering the quality, that is not at all dear."

The tailor passed a moment.

"I am but a beginner in the trade," said he to the piece dealer, at length, "and money is an object to me. Give me two sequins, and I will show you how you may save three in this affair."

"I agree," said the other, and the money was produced and paid.

"It is well!" said the man of the needle—"I am a person of my word. This cloth has cost five sequins, and I have promised to save you three. Take it to some other tailor, and Allah direct you to one of more experience—for I have never made such a dress as you want, and if I attempt it, it will be spoiled."

This reminds us of an anecdote related of Sheridan, who went to a hair dresser's to order a wig. On being measured, the barber, who was a liberal soul, invited the orator to take some refreshments in an inner room. Here he showed him so much genuine hospitality that Sheridan's heart was touched. When they rose from the table, and were about separating, the latter looking the barber full in the face, said, "On reflection, I don't intend that you shall make my wig." Astonished, and with a blank visage, the other exclaimed, "Good Heaven!—Mr. Sheridan, how can I have displeased you?"

"Why, look you," said Sheridan, "you are an honest fellow; and I repeat it, you shan't make my wig; for I never intended to pay for it. I'll go to another less worthy son of the craft."

LEAKY BOOTS.

Old Jake S.—, was just as good a fireman as ever left his bed at the sound of the Hall bell. He loved his company and his machine, and doated upon everything that smacked of fire. But if Jake had a weak spot anywhere, it was respecting his boots. He was the most particular man in the world about his boots, and a leaky boot was an object of his most especial detestation, for he suffered severely from cold feet, and for that reason, always kept his boots in the best possible order. He would get a new pair in the summer, and grease them every Sunday morning, and keep them hanging in the attic for six months, to have them well seasoned for winter.

One winter, when there was much snow, Jake had been sorely troubled with his boots—for the water would penetrate in spite of all his precautions. About this time, a Dutchman opened a boot store in Ann street, and advertised to make water-proof boots. Several members of Jake's company had tried them, and found them as represented, and he finally went and was measured.

"Now, just yer look a here," said Jake to the Dutchman, "I want yer to take and make me a boot that don't leak. Do you hear?"

"Yaw," said Dutchey. "I makes him for you. I makes him mit trouble soles, unt trouble uppers, unt I makes inchy rooper between ter middle of him, unt he ton't leak a tam drop."

"Well, ye'd better make 'em that way," said Jake, "for if they leak, ye'd better leave town, you had."

Saturday night Jake went down and got his boots, and taking them up to the bunk-room, he put them in a tub of water and let them remain two hours to see if they would leak. The result was satisfactory, and after cutting a pair of soles for the inside out of an old beaver hat, he stood them by his bunk and turned in.

The night was very cold, and some of the boys, knowing Jake's weak spot, waited until he was sound asleep, and then taking the sole out from the inside, they poured water under them in each boot to cover the bottom, and set them out doors.

As soon as the water was frozen hard, they put the inside sole in again over the ice, and put them back by the bunk. As there was no fire in the sitting-room and the night was extremely cold, there was no danger of their getting thawed.

About two o'clock Sunday morning, there was a fire at the tower end of Pearl street, and Jake pulled on his boots and started. He thought they were pretty tight, but then they were new and would stretch, and he was sure they would not leak, so he didn't mind the tightness much. By the time the engine was got to work, and the streets began to get wet, the ice in the boots had thawed, and Jake concluded the Dutchman had got the best of him. This he couldn't stand anyhow, so he invited some of the boys to go up and see him "tan that ere Dutchman."

The boys had expected something of this kind, so off they started. After some hard pounding on the bootmaker's door, his head protruded from a window and he inquired:

"Vot you make mit mine door?"

"Look'er here, old Sourkrout!" exclaimed Jake, "I thought you said them 'ere boots would not leak, and here they're half full of water."

"What kind of water-proof boots do yer call them? Say, yer old mutton-head?"

"So help me Cot, I makes a plenty of inchy rooper in dem poote, unt he ton't leak a trop."

"Now what's the use 'er yer talking any of that kind 'er nonsense—ain't I got the boots on and the water in 'em?" asked Jake, "and if yer don't take and open yer old shanty and take yer bloody leaky boots back again, I'll take and kick yer door in, and kick yer like thunder."

The poor Dutchman began to feel somewhat alarmed, and he thought he had better compromise the matter. Said he:

"Mine goot frind, I makes dem poote de pest vay, mit goot inchy rooper, and he don't ought to leak some, but if he leak I gif you back half de brice, unt you geeps him vor Zuntay poote."

"Now yer begin ter talk, old Sourkrout," said Jake, much mollified, "they'll do pooty well for Sunday boots or everyday boots, but I jist tell yer now, they ain't good enough for fire boots, and if yer take and give me back half the money, I won't mash yer mug for yer, but I ought ter do it anyhow. Jest come down and give me the mopasses, and I'll let yer off."

But Dutchey had no idea of trusting himself to Jake's tender mercies, so he wrapped the money up and threw it down to Jake, who took it to the gas lamp, and finding it all right, he picked up a paving stone, and tossing it through the window, said:

"There's a receipt for yer old pickled onions," and went back to the fire, growling about his blame leaky boots.

He tried them for everyday use, and not finding them leak any more, he was induced to try them once more for fire boots, and was perfectly satisfied they were as the Dutchman had said, water-proof, and to this day it remains a mystery to Jake, what was the cause of them boots leaking that one night only, but he insists that India rubber makes a good boot after the water has swelled it tight.

A sturdy looking man, in Cleveland, a short time since, while busily engaged in cowhiding a dandy, who had insulted his daughter, being asked what he was doing, replied:—"Cutting a swell!" and continued his amusement without further interruption.

HOW JOE WON THE PENCIL.

Joe B.— is unquestionably the handsomest married man in Cincinnati. He sports a wife, besides several other creature comforts. Well, he and his wife, Harry—, John—, and George—, and their wives all board at the same house. A day or two ago, while they were at the table, luxuriating on detached portions of boiled turkey, which had been stuffed with oysters, the conversation turned on christian names, when Mrs. Harry contended that she could name more distinguished men who had borne the name of Henry, than any gentleman could of his own name; and concluded by offering a gold pencil as a wager, against a suitable equivalent should she win.

The trial commenced.

Mrs. Harry— started off with "Harry of the West," adding a dozen others.

George— now gathered up on George Washington, the four Georges of England, Lord George of Franks, etc.

"Now, Mr. John, what have you to say?" said the charming Mrs. Harry.

"Oh! I can give you a hundred—the two Adamases—Lord John Russell—John Tyler—John, John, bring me some water, John."

"Stop, stop, you can't win. Mr. Joseph—, now your turn comes," continued the juicy little gamster.

Now, if ever a bushful man lived, it was my friend Joe. He dared not look up. He had been racking his brain for an answer, but to no purpose, and in despair, he made one grand effort, and raising his head replied:

"My dear madam, I have lost. I cannot now think of any very distinguished man who ever bore the name of Joseph, except the gentleman we read about in the sacred scriptures—he was such a favorite of Mrs. Potiphar, but I will not offer him, for I think he was the—fool I ever did hear of."

"Here's the pencil," said Mrs. Harry, tossing it over to him, as she and the other ladies scolded out of the door.

Letter from Sacramento.

SACRAMENTO, July 8, 1858.

Editor Fireman's Journal:—Since my last communication, the Fire Department of this city has been in quite an excited state, consequent upon a number of the companies going over to Washington on the evening of the 5th of July to extinguish a fire.

The companies that crossed the bridge were Nos. 1, 3, 4, 5, Hook and Ladder 1, and the carriage of Engine 2. Hook and Ladder 2, were stopped by the Chief at the entrance to the bridge, he also endeavored to stop the carriage of No. 2. At the fire he ordered Engine Co. 4 and 5 to take up and return to the city, which orders they did not obey, believing he had no jurisdiction over them in another county; consequently the chief suspended Nos. 4 and 5, and preferred charges against them for disobedience of orders also for taking their apparatus out of the city without permission.

The case came before the Board of Delegates, at their regular meeting on Tuesday evening, when it was temporarily disposed of by setting a time for trial on Friday evening, in the meantime the engines are out of service.

Engine Company No. 3 celebrated the 4th by a trip to Folsom, where they were received by Folsom Hook and Ladder Company. They had a good time generally and returned highly pleased with their visit.

Engine Co. 5, together with the City Guards, escorted No. 3 to the depot, after which No. 5 paraded the streets with their new caps which look very unique and serviceable. Hook and Ladder 2 kept open house during the day, and Engine Co. 4 the same during the evening. There were one or two alarms during the day, caused by the bells ringing the jubilee; portions of the department only, turned out.

We had a fire on Sunday at 4 p. m. in Chinatown, 5th street between I and J. No. 4 the first water. The town team companies all quick. Hook and Ladder 2 the last on the ground.

Geo. Rowland was nominated on Wednesday evening by Hook and Ladder 1, for Chief Engineer. This makes three prominent candidates in the field. Mr. R. is an old fireman, having been a member since the first organization of the department, and will make a good run for chief, nor should he be surprised if, on canvassing the votes, he should be declared victor.

I was wrongly informed relative to No. 5's caps being detained for want of payment, as I have since understood Mr. Keenan paid for them when ordered in New York.

There does not seem to be many anxious to run for Assistant Engineers; the prominent candidates are C. Brooks of Engine 5, D. C. Clapp of Engine 6, and S. Appell of Engine 3, all of whom would fill the office with credit to themselves and the department.

Pat Holland has not yet left for Frazer. His benefit netted, I believe, some two hundred dollars.

Business is very dull in this city, which gives every one plenty of time to converse on the all-absorbing topics, viz., the suspension of Engines 4 and 5, and the election for Chief Engineer.

At their last annual meeting, Hook and Ladder 1 elected C. D. Hossack, Foreman. This is a good selection, and the company can not fail to prosper under his administration.

Yours,

BLUE BELLY.

[The above should have appeared in our issue of last week, but came to hand too late.—Ed.]

PLACERVILLE.—Confidence Engine Co. No. 1, of Placerville, neatly uniformed for the occasion, paraded in full force on the 5th, accompanied by Leavelle's Brass Band. In the evening they gave a ball at O'Donnell's Theatre, which was the finest entertainment ever given in the county. All that was done to commemorate Independence Day, was done by the firemen.

